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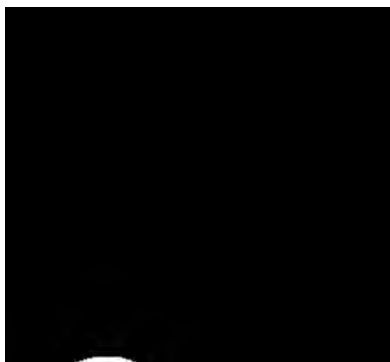
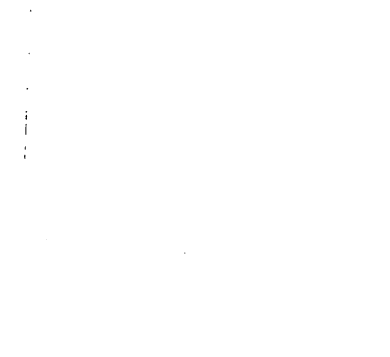


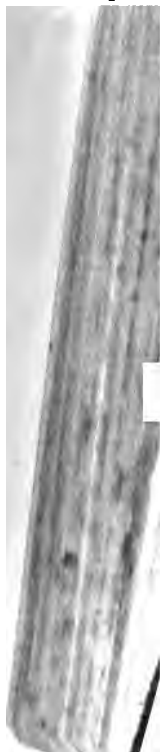
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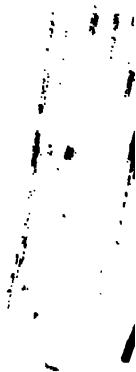
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Not in Ri
also -

AVE MARIA,

OR THE

DEVOTIC BEAUTIES

101 OF THE

ANGELIC SALUTATION.

BY HUBERT LEBON.

Transcribed from the French.
e Maria! Ave Domini mei, et mater mei,
cor meum, anima mea!—St. Bonaventure.

BALTIMORE:

No. 178 Market street.

1849.

**COLLECTION OF
FRANCIS HUNTER HARDIE, 1**

Entered according to act of Congress, in
1849, by Rev. L. R. DELDOT, in the Clerk
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ANY PROFITS
ARISING FROM THE
SALE OF THIS LITTLE
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The Orphans of St. Philomena's Asylum.
ATTACHED TO THE
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MARYLAND.

1916





TO YOU,

MY MOTHER,

WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

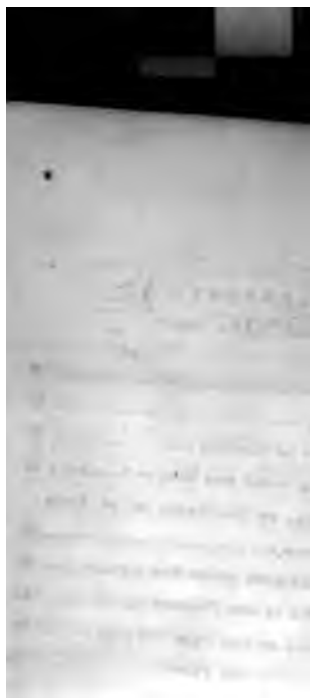
H. LEBON,

ONE OF YOUR CHILDREN.

1

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INTRODUCTION.

THE *Ave Maria*, or Angelical Salutation, has for its author the Holy Ghost himself.—It contains :

1. The words which the Angel Gabriel brought from heaven when he addressed Mary, and announced to her the mystery of the Incarnation : “ Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed thou among women.”

Those which were uttered by St. Elizabeth, the wife of Zachary, when she was visited by the holy Mother of God and was filled by the Holy Spirit in greeting Mary salute her : “ And thou art the fruit of thy womb.”

The prayer which the Church, inspired by the Holy Spirit, added to it at the second general council of Ephesus, in 431 : “ O Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now, and at the hour of our death. Amen.”



The *Ave Maria* is an abridgment of the great wonders which God has wrought in favor of Mary, and a plea for the powerful succors which we derive from that Mother of mercy. As the Annunciation is the beginning and end of all the mysteries of our salvation, so the Immaculate Conception is also the foundation of the great honors of Mary, and of all the solemnities which she receives. Now the Angelical Salutation places before the Blessed Virgin a bouquet of glorious flowers, the great mystery of her august embassy.

The Church, wishing to inspire confidence in Mary, adds the *Ave* to the *Pater*, in the numerous prayers which we daily address to our Lord. After having made our petitions known to our heavenly Father, does it not seem that we should have recourse to the intercession of the holy Virgin, in order to beg that she would incline her divine ear in our favor.

A great number
 have been attached
 much cherished
 Innumerable
 Mary herself,
 Almighty God
 admirable salut
 repeat it with f
 offer it to Mar
 which the heav
 her.

How many p
 of their soul, r
 of the day!

Ave Maria!

the lips of the

INTRODUCTION.

is to say, one hundred and fifty *Ave Marias*, and forms in honor of Mary, a book of psalter for the laity, containing one hundred and fifty psalms, like the ecclesiastical psalter.

The *Angelus*, which is said morning, noon and evening, alternates its three articles with an *Ave Maria*.

It is then, with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, that we have undertaken this little treatise upon the beautiful *Ave Maria*, so loved by Mary, so cherished by the Church, and so familiar to the most faithful.

We conjure *her*, whom we love to call our mother, to bless this work written in



AVE MARIA.

AVE MARIA! mysterious, solemn,
ineffable words! . . .

ve Maria! Voice from heaven, voice
love, august salutation, which an-
nounced the most astonishing mystery to
world. . . .

ve Maria! Let it fall from our lips a
sandy times; let us sing it incessantly
acts of thanksgiving; let us repeat
our hearts times without number,
during the countless ages of the past,
Almighty had recorded it in the depths
is wisdom and charity. . . .

ve Maria! It was neither a patriarch,
a prophet, but one of the princes of
heavenly host, an archangel, who

armour
ere silent;
bled; and
ne, the Eter-
his embassy.
Mary, a poor
llage, with no
umble cottage.
ssed Virgin, Vir-
omen, your soul
humility, treasures
urity, of abnegation,
before you, master-
High, before you, so
so unknown to men,
own eyes, the cherubim
d their splendors in token

Ave Maria! These are the
ich opened the great mys-
demption of mankind by the
a God. These are the holy

Ave Maria
which refres-
the soul.
they were first
they not been
And in heave
encircle the th
make their gol
august saluta

Ave Maria
tion, the w
leader adie

AVE MARIA

which proclaimed the
world, that event predicted
for four thousand years.

Ave Maria! It is the first
of grace, the herald of glad
the dawn of the regeneration
man nature. Now is unit
link, which is to be follow
cerful chain of the unspe
cies and charity of God.
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Sweet and p
which refresh the heart and
the soul. Oh! how man
they were first uttered in N
they not been repeated and
And in heaven—Oh! the
encircle the throne of thei
make their golden harps res
august salutation: *Ave Ma*

Ave Maria! It is the n
tion, the welcome of m
tender adieu of evening.



dest thou recall to thy children three times a day the consoling mystery of a God made man for love of us, of a God, the divine Emmanuel dwelling amongst us.

O God of goodness, I give you thanks. In the admirable economy of the creation the day has its luminary, and the night its mysterious lamp. In the wonders of your love also, heaven has its brilliant sun, and its gentler light. In dazzling brightness you reign as king above, and Mary reflects in milder radiance her borrowed light as queen thereof. — You are our father, and Mary is our mother.

And you, O sweet Virgin, remember that we have been bequeathed to you as our children; O then, our mother who reigns in heaven, smile on us poor exiles on earth. O mother, let not our hearts grow cold, but wish to love you as your children. Hail, beloved daughter of the Father, Mother of Jesus and our mother, Spirit of the Holy Spirit, we salute you, O *Mary*!

A V E M A R I A

Ave Maria! Children, repeat it every day with your mothers: O mothers, chant it with your children; it contains the great mystery of a divine maternity, and of a heavenly adoption.

Ave Maria! After the prayer which Jesus taught us, this is the first that lulled our infant slumbers, that greeted our ear upon our mother's knees, that we lisped in childhood, and loved to repeat in after years.

Ave Maria! It is the sweet prayer of the cottage and the palace, it is the plaint of the afflicted, the sigh of the sufferer; it is the cry of danger, the petition of the benighted wanderer, and the hope of the storm-tossed mariner.

Ave Maria! The armed warrior with sword in hand repeats it before he encounters the perils of the battle field.

Ave Maria! Happy the sinner who pronounces it with tears, happy the just

AVE MARIA.

ne who bears it with him to
of heaven!

O Mary, we salute you, '
sinner, now, and at the hour of
Amen.





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ng transpo
cended to
ss. perfu



THE AVE MARIA OF GABRIEL. 21

**In the silence of solitude Mary in-
l in years, forgotten and unknown
1, yet destined to be the Mother of
and the queen of angels and men.**

**As in the peaceful exercise of the
oly virtues, lived the poor and sim-
righter of the people of Judah, the
Virgin espoused to the carpenter
but two months since, O Naza-
umble city of Galilee, how highly
d! The Eternal from the height of
one, seeks a spouse and a mother
earth, and it is to thy lowly walls
ns his eyes. One of thy meanest
ngs conceals the mysterious star
is to rise out of Jacob, the Virgin
who is to give the Emmanuel!**

**Nazareth, thy holy ground nourishes
sterious branch of the root of Jesse.
It wonderful then that the fragrance
iamon and balm should fill thy land,
e odor of aloes and myrrh perfume
oves—Behold here is that priv**

of Saron.

“I was exalted like a cedar in Liban
(has it been said of her) and as a cypre
tree on Mount Sion.”

“I was exalted like a palm-tree in O-
des, and a rose-plant in Jericho.”

“As a fair olive-tree in the plains,
as a plane-tree by the water in the stre
was I exalted.”

“I have stretched out my branches
the turpentine-tree, and my branches
of honor and grace.”

OF GABRIEL.

In me is all grace of the way and
the truth ; in me is all hope of life and
virtue."

"Come over to me, all ye that
me, and be filled with my fruits ; for
spirit is sweet above honey, and my
heritance above honey and the honey
comb."

"My memory is unto everlasting
generations." *Ecclus. xxiv.*

O my God, four thousand years
elapsed since the creation of the world
and your chastisements have not made
better ! But now is the time for the fulfil-
ment of the great promises made to Israel.
Now is the completion of the seven
weeks that were predicted.—The world
its expectations turns towards the Messiah.
Already the first rays of Aurora are
gilding the hills of Nazareth.

Sun of justice, Sun of love, comfort
"and the land that was desolate

passable shall be glad, and the
shall rejoice, and that which was dry ~~land~~
shall become a pool, and the verdure of the
reed and the bulrush shall rise up where
dragons dwelt before." *Isaias xxxv.*

O my God, your tabernacle is ready,
the ark of your sanctification is built,
your temple is finished.—Rise, Lord, and
command the clouds to rain down the
Just one.

Solemn moment! . . . Let us with the
angels catch the ineffable words, which
like breathings of love are heard in the
heights of the highest heavens:

"My Son, fallen man awaits you."

"—My Father, behold, I come: it is
written of me, that I should do thy will.
My God, I have desired it, and thy law
in the midst of my heart." *Ps. xxxix.*

And the Holy Spirit, the eternal love of
the father and the son, makes the same

OF GABRIEL

fact, for the accomplishment of
mystery of love.

Then the Most High deposes the
angel Gabriel to Galilee; Gabriel, who
called the ambassador of the Messiah
archangel sent to Daniel to declare
coming of the Holy of Holies, and to
priest Zachary to announce to him
glad tidings; the archangel no longer
ascends to the earth as a prince of the
heavenly host, but bows with respect before
daughter of Eve, and with deference
sends his salutation.

*In those days, "the angel Gabriel
sent from God into a city of Galilee
Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a
whose name was Joseph, of the house
David: and the name of the Virgin
Mary."—Luke i, 26, 27.*

Retired in the most secret part of
modest dwelling, perhaps at this
moment, Mary was offering to
of Jacob, her sweet evening pray

haps the humble daughter of the patriarchs was pouring her soul out in ardent longings for the Saviour promised to her people, and of whom she was to be the mother.

"Hail, full of grace," said the Archangel to her, inclining his radiant head. *"the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women."*

What respect! do we cry out in admiration! How humble the salutation! what magnificent eulogies! Sarah under the tent of Mambre, Agar in the desert of Sur, were likewise visited by angels, but never did they receive such marks of

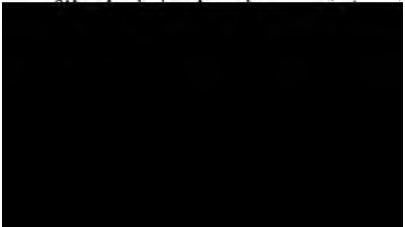
are, and will be eternally blessed above all women, above all creatures in heaven and earth.

Oh! how many times since then, have not these words been repeated; how many times have they not been wafted to heaven as a sweet perfume to the royal throne, where Mary is seated near the Eternal Father! How many lips have they not sanctified, how many hearts have they not filled with the sweetest emotions! Yes, Mary is blessed among all women, and above all women—never has a woman received, nor will a woman ever receive such honors as have been bestowed on the humble Virgin of Nazareth. Ah! may my humble homage be acceptable to her!

Let us follow the words of the inspired Evangelist, and continue the sublime and simple recital of one of the most magnificent and moving scenes of Holy Scripture.

At these words of the Angel, Mary was troubled, and wondered what manner of salutation this should be—and the Angel said to her, “Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God.—Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father. He shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end.”

Then Mary said to the Angel: “How shall this be done, because I know no



• OF GABRIEL.

called barren, because no word is possible with God." And Mary
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord,
done to me according to thy word."
the Angel departed from her.

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among

"Et Verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in

Joan i, 1



THE AVE MARIA
UNDER THE ROOF OF NAZARETH.

WHAT mind can picture the happy days spent under the roof of Nazareth! Days filled with pure joys for Mary, in the ineffable caresses of Jesus; life truly patriarchal, angelic life, heavenly life, life passed amid the benedictions of an infant God, and the tender solicitude of a young Virgin his mother, and the holy labors of the just man Joseph, the guardian spouse and foster father in the eyes of men, but so great before the Most High. O Jesus! O Mary! O Joseph! . . .

What a family was that of Nazareth! How august a temple was that poor cottage, overshadowing so many virtues and so many mysteries! Here was truly the Holy of Holies, and the divine secret was

known only to the angels; heaven was there, and the eye of man could not see it; the ear could not hear it, nor could mortal tongue express what was passing there.

There in that poor, but favored dwelling, the son was subject to his mother, to his mother who adored in him her Creator and God!

There, Jesus, Jesus the source of all knowledge, received from Mary the first lessons of wisdom. Jesus instructed by Mary! Oh! holy and wonderful school, where Mary teaches, and Jesus learns! But Jesus is pleased to appear in all things like to the rest of men, for he hath not made himself the liberator of angels, but the liberator of the seed of Abraham, "Wherefore it behoved him in all things to be made like to his brethren."

And during the maternal lessons of Mary, and the fatigues of Jesus, whilst aiding St. Joseph in his labors, giving him such assistance as was proportioned to

1, the —,

Without doubt, the Blessed Virgin
her own abjection too much to re-
hose magnificent praises which were
essed to her; without doubt, she pre-
d repeating to her Divine Son the
ia of Bethlehem; but Jesus and Jo-
filled with veneration for her, would
ond by the respectful salutation of the
hangel.

Oh! how many times at the break of
, did not Jesus say to his mother *Ave*
ria! How many times perhaps did
his infant hands wreathe garlands,
lands of roses, whose thorns he re-

O Jesus, O Mary, O Joseph, the angels without doubt assisted at your holy canticles, at your heavenly conversations, your fervent prayers at the morning rising, and your ravishing meditations at the close of the evening.

Sacred lips of the Son of God, that gave us that sublime summary of prayer, which should precede our salutation to Mary, you loved also to pronounce that mysterious *Ave*.—It was conceived in your own divine heart, O Jesus, you intrusted it to your Angel for Mary and for us; but surely it must have been pleasing to you to repeat it often, and this it is that renders it so ravishing, so delectable to a pious heart.

“Hail, Mary, thou whom I have chosen from all eternity to be my mother!

“Hail, Aurora of my existence, cloud which gave me to the earth, branch from which I have budded forth, blessed above all women!

t, and
els; thou wilt en-
my church, thou wilt be the
d bulwark of Jerusalem, the honor
and the salvation of my people. O Mary,
thou wilt one day be seated at my right
hand; I will intrust to thy keeping the
sacred deposite of my merits; I will
confide to thee all the treasures of my
love."

And Joseph, the chaste Joseph also
pronouncing *Ave Maria*, yields to
most holy emotions of unspeakable
derness, blessing a thousand times
God who had chosen him, the father
such a son, and the guardian of
spouse.

But in the midst of this delightful union of those three holy hearts, how often did not silent tears bedew the cheeks of Mary, when the prophetic words of the old man in the temple presented themselves to her mind, and pierced her inmost soul with terror and grief! Then, would she press her divine son to her maternal breast, and would wish to hide him if possible in the recesses of her loving heart. But resigned, and always the humble handmaid, she replied again in the words of the glorious salutation, "Lord, let what thou wilt be accomplished."

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word."



THE AVE MARIA
AS MEDITATED ON BY PIOUS SOULS.

SUBLIME *Ave Maria!* How many
mysteries dost thou contain! How
y remembrances dost thou bring to
How much glory dost thou shed
Mary! Oh! how art thou loved and
ished by pious souls, what profound
delightful meditations dost thou pre-
to them!

— — — — —

MEDITATIONS ON THE AVE MARIA. 37

ing Aurora, mild as the queen of night, dazzling as the star of day, terrible as an army set in array, I salute you.

I salute you with the celestial Envoy of heaven.

I salute you with Elizabeth filled with the Holy Spirit.

I salute you with both heaven and earth, glorious Virgin, the delight of God, the love of angels and their queen, the joy of men and their salvation. I salute you, O Mary. *Ave Maria!*

Gratia plena! full of grace; you were endowed with it at your conception, enriched with it at your birth, and filled with it afterwards by the virtues and merits of your life. Full of grace, you carried within you, the very author of grace. O Virgin full of grace, the august temple of the Father, the tabernacle of the Word, the sanctuary of the Holy Spirit, the sacred palace of the great king, the dwelling of the eternal Pontiff, the holy Altar of infinite charity, Virgin without

the most
mysterious flower, which
is the root of Jesse, and the sacred tree
the author of life. O Virgin, impene-
trable mystery of all virtues! truly do you
contain the plenitude of all grace, and by
you is all grace given to the world. O
our mother, let some little portion of those
graces with which you superabound, de-
scend to us poor children of Eve; shed
us some of that sweet dew which refreshes
the soul and sweetens life. O Mary,
days of our exile are long and painful
be our strength, our solace, our peace
and hope. Show us mercy and protection
O you the dispensatrix of the gifts of
O Mary full of grace!

Dominus tecum! The Lord is
with lords, the Father

the King of kings, the divine Word, the perfect man in whom resides the plenitude of the divinity, the expected Messiah, He, in whom all nations are to be blessed ; He, at whose name every knee should bend, and whom all tongues should confess ; Jesus the most beautiful of the children of men ; he is in your heart, Mary ; it is there he takes his delight and repose.

He dwells with you as a king upon his throne, as a father with his most cherished child, as a son with his most tender mother, as a spouse with his well beloved. To this tender union, oh ! holy Virgin, may we apply the words in the Book of Wisdom—Behold him who sleeps upon your bosom as a bundle of myrrh ; he is for you as a cluster of grapes gathered in the vineyards of Engaddi.—He is the flower of the field and the lily of the valley.—Your beloved is to you and you are to him.—You are the throne where this new Solomon reposes.

nir and Herman, you would
with one of your looks.—You are
beautiful, O best beloved, and there is
a spot in thee.—O Sulamitess, how
great is your love to him, sweeter far
than the most exquisite perfumes, and
more precious spices! How beauti-
ful are your feet, oh! daughter of the
city, how benign your eyes, O spotless
one!

the marvellous union of Jesus with
Mary, and of Mary with Jesus! O sacred
and intimate and admirable union, re-
sembling the eucharistic union, that se-
cular and inexplicable abyss of

those ardent flames with which you were consumed. Let it be my delight to go to the table of his children, and may he always remain with me by his grace. O how sweet then will life be, for what more can we desire, when we possess Jesus?

Benedicta tu in mulieribus! Blessed art thou among women: in your divine son all nations are blessed. O Mary, the true Eve and mother of the living, you are more valiant than Judith in delivering us; in finding favor, more powerful than Esther. You are more amiable than Rachel, more fruitful than Rebecca; wiser and more merciful than Abigail.

O Mary, your heart is the centre where the greatness and humiliation of the Word unite. It is the furnace in which is concentrated all the glory of God, the peace of mankind, and the salvation of the world. Your bosom was more capacious than the earth, vaster than the heavens. It enclosed Him, whom neither

heaven nor earth can contain. Your Creator becomes your son; he, who vivifies all things, received life from you; he, who supports all creatures, draws sustenance from you; you have become, O Mary, the daughter of God, the spouse of God, and the mother of God.

O admirable Virgin, you were nourished by a daughter of Eve, and you nourish *Him*, whom the heavens adore; you carry in your bosom, *Him* who upholds all things.—O Virgin, master-piece of the wonders of God, and astonishing abridgment of his perfections; O yes, you are blessed among all women, and above all the celestial intelligences.

You were blessed and desired by the patriarchs, blessed and hailed by the prophets, blessed and foretold by the oracles, blessed and expected for four thousand years. It was you, who were to give us the desired of all nations, the promised Redeemer, the only ransom of mankind, the only cure for the curse of Adam; the *only remedy* for the evils of humanity,

and the only one chosen by the great king from among all women, to co-operate in all those prodigies of mercy which his love promised to us.

O holy Virgin, marvellous chain, chain of prodigies and love, uniting heaven and earth, you are the glory and joy of Jerusalem; in her triumphs her buckler, and her support in her combats,

O holy Virgin, heaven reveres you; after God you are its most brilliant star. Earth honors you, you are its ornament and its hope. Hell fears you, you are its invincible enemy,

O admirable Virgin, be blessed with all generations on earth that will call you blessed, and with all the host of heaven who will eternally sing your canticles.

O mystic Rose, blessed Rose, fill our desert land with the sweet fragrance of your celestial odors.

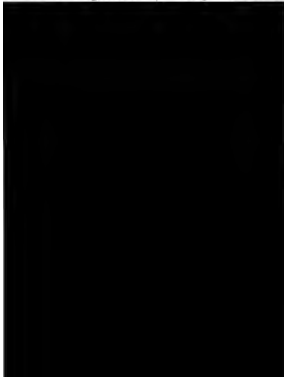
O spotless Lily, immortal Lily, be the eternal ornament of those who love you.

MEDITATIONS ON

**mother, faithful Virgin, Vir-
spot, shield us for ever under
ing mantle.**

**Christ, Mother of God, may
or ever blessed by your divine
continuation of your favors,
al protection and your eternal**

*ictus fructus ventris tui Jcsus !'
d is the fruit of thy womb,*





He is our Creator, our Redeemer,
Lord! O happy Mary, you are
the right hand of Jesus: mother
our mother, pray for us, ve-
neying towards that country
your abode; pray for us, so-
the thousand cares of our ex-
who are always in danger of
the precipices and abysses of
our path.

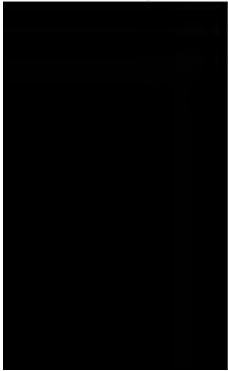
Pray for us sinners, now, and
for our death." Amen.





E MARIA
THE ANGELS.

Jerusalem, city of
ity of the great king,
the Creator, how rich
st be thy towers and
aders must adorn thy



THE AVE MARI.

us, thy perpetual cantic
ose in the bosom of Go
n in God, thy eternity
uds of incense, thy torr
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!!
ing for the Christian who
der the cloud, to elevate h
es to those regions of
nderful and refreshing th
ich in an instant places us
our journey, and transport
de of the elect, there to c
at we believe in our exile
take our flight towards th
es, our future kingdom. I
to see the queen of angels,
ed by men of sin, but b
d, who have received the
ry, the patriarchs, proph
artyrs, virgins and confes
no longer by men of dus
lime intelligences of hea
cherubim, thrones, &c
powers, principalitie

THE AVE MARIA

! *Ave Maria!* How n
the canticle be, repeated
y of kings, those million
innumerable host wl
ity of the Lord, and fills
heavenly Sion!

Queen, how effulgent
ted at the right hand of
with your diadem spark
stones, and your robe in

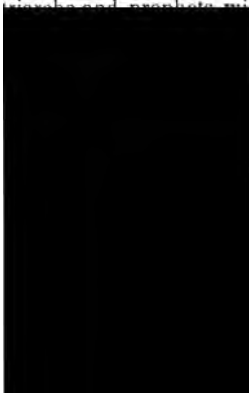


SUNG AMONG THE ANGELS

Ally inclining before the throne
Salute you, O our gracious
amiable sovereign; we salute you
daughter of our Creator, most
Son, august spouse of the Holy
O Virgin, you have given life to
is the life, you are mother
whom belongs all the power
Still more than the sons of Jacob
sigh after your coming, when
nouncing to men the promise
was to fill up that abyss, which
ted them from the eternal ab-
blessed. We were veiled in
fatal fall of man, and we were
the happy day, on which
open to him the gates of the
kingdom. It is pleasing for
assist the children of Eve, receive
the blood of the Saviour, it is
us to call them our brothers,
with them the praises of her
was found worthy of co-operation
great work of the mercies of

2 AVE MARIA

mother of the Redeemer
deem it an honor to serve
hole eternity ; we will lay
crowns at your feet ; with
dness, we will present your
titions of mortals ! Hail
our God ! Hail, our admi
! O our gracious queen
ria ! Ave Maria !”



Then the confessors and martyrs will, in their turn, salute her as the mother of abjection, privation and sorrows, as the strong woman, the heroine of Calvary, pierced with a thousand swords, standing at the foot of the cross, and who, before being crowned in heaven, wore on earth the thorny crown of Jesus.

Then the Virgins, chaste spouses of the Lamb, will come in a band to salute the Virgin Mother, the well Beloved of the Bridegroom, the most beautiful of the king's daughters, the spotless one, the chosen one, the joy and delight of God.

Then all the elect, all the blessed of the Father, all the thousand tribes of the holy people, will strive to outvie one another as they bend in reverence before the Mother of the Redeemer; all will salute the young virgin of redoubtable courage, who has crushed under her feet the head of the serpent, the tender Virgin who was their model upon earth. Mary, their loving Mary, who was their succor, their hope, their protectress and their mother.

Ave Maria! O heavenly .
what delicious melody must
in the abode of the angels!

Oh! how much is she loved
that Virgin so beloved by th
heaven, she in whom the Lor
such great things!

O Mary, we are still journe
valley of tears; from the heig
throne cast on us a look of mer
midst of your happiness, do no
miseries. In the bosom of y
peace, think of our storms!



THE AVE MARIA
IN OUR TEMPLES.

THE faithful Christian has lights and feasts, which preludes of those eternal joys, and feasts of heaven, and which be found elsewhere: this has repeated a thousand times, but it does not comprehend it.

O august temples of our holy how amiable are your tabernacles a holy inebriation have I not your sacred courts! How delightful converse therein with Jesus, on mysteries of his love, with Mary on richness of our exile, with the angels everlasting bliss of our true country God, it is near your holy charity is ardent! How costly tears that are there shed with

th the an-
ith theirs,
ough their
is delight
re, O my
cheering
e higher,
aven.

t the feast
l at morn-
embraces
of prayer,
mid-day ;
s, behold
opies the



have invoked in the morning with all earnestness of heart, and whose praises we have chanted in tender canticles; to Mary, whom we have blessed in all the innocent enjoyments of the day, and who is now to bear to Jesus all the chaste affections of our soul, and all the tender hopes of our prayers.

Listen to all the hymns and anthems which the church consecrates to Mary.

Ave Maria! A thousand times *Ave Maria* in all her hymns, offices and prayers.

Hail, Mary! Hail, heavenly queen! Hail, star of the sea! Hail, O queen, mother of mercy! Hail, sovereign of the world! Hail, Virgin of virgins! Hail, ark of the covenant! Hail, city of refuge! Hail, fruitful Virginity!

It is always the *Ave Maria* paraphrased in a thousand forms. It is the harp varying its tones to all the wants of the heart; it is the lyre changing its note to express all the fears and griefs of our

MARIA

o from the highest
a remedy to all the

ie prayer of all, that
to preserve justice,
r in order to obtain

of pious lips, it pos-
etness, it is then the
gels; but when it falls
ie sinner, it has some-
That Ave

IN OUR TEMPLES.

**heart of Mary. There Mary
often comes, and invisibly presides
canticles.**

**See you that simply decorated
with its Madona of benign counte
and smile of maternal love?**

**Ah! it is Mary, the Mother of th
deemer, sweetly bending under the v
of her divine infant.**

**In another temple, we behold her
mother of mankind, stretching ou
arms to us, casting on us a tender l
love, and calling us to her maternal**

**Again, we see her, as did the b
apostle, when he caught a glimpse
in the highest heavens, crowned
stars.**

**In another place, she is represen
the immaculate Virgin of ineffable b
ruling the world, and crushing
courageous foot the fatal corrupte
human race.**

And never in the presence of such images, which are always surrounded by the most pleasing symbols, can the heart remain mute and without love. The *Ave Maria*, when chanted in these chapels, has also in it something indescribably poetic.

Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Children of Mary, repeat it frequently, let it come from your heart with your tears of love and desires of sacrifice. *Ave Maria!* let it always be the motto of your banners, the chorus of your canticles; the act of thanksgiving at your feasts, the welcome of your great solemnities, as well as the sweet joy of your private festivities.

Which one of us has not sometimes heard the *Ave Maria* of the beads, when said in a chapel consecrated to *Mary*? Listen to the angelic murmur of almost undefinable sweetness. One would say that it was like the sigh of the wave as it rises and falls, always equal and always *harmonious*,—it is like the rose dropping

its fragrant leaves one by one, when gently agitated by the passing zephyr; it is one angel of heaven succeeding another, on the ladder of Jacob, ascending and descending incessantly, in order to bear on high the prayers of the angels of earth. And when the often repeated invocation ceases, mark the countenances of those young Virgins, oh! how are they enhanced by the roses of purity, and lilies of innocence. Mary does not receive one *Ave Maria* from us without giving us a flower in exchange.

And who has not felt the influence of the *Ave Maria* of the Angelus, when chanted at sunset, within the walls of some ancient cathedral! There is something poetic in its solemn tones as they fall on the ear, after their echo has filled the plains and died away in the distance; but within the august temple, it seems to be the Angelus recited in the courts on high;—it is the close of day, and the stained glass of the grand basilic admits only the reflection of the farewell rays

THE AVE MARIA, &C.

The holy gloom within is only relieved by a few flickering tapers;—but at the altar are hearts burning for Mary. All is silenced;—but the solemn melody of those numbers, which fill the vaulted roof. Beautiful is that *Ave Maria*, crowned with its mysterious salutation the mysterious versicles which announced the incarnation of the son of God and the divine maternity of Mary! O youthful virgins, your celestial chants are not confined within the silent walls; only raise your eyes and behold angels bearing them upon their wings high, until they blend with the eternal melodies of the Jerusalem above.

O merciful and compassionate Virgin, if you wish to be our protectress from your throne on high, in order that we may one day arrive at that abode of bliss: but be also our mother and our friend here below, that we may be happy on earth and in heaven.

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THE AVE MARIA
OF THE POOR COTTAGE.

Poor country people deprived of instruction, and having no other share in the universal heritage than misery, privation and suffering; and you too, poor artisan of the village, oh! how necessary is the thought of heaven to lessen the rigors of your labors, and render life supportable.

Let us enter one of these humble cottages, the abode of poverty and wretchedness; in the midst of all, we behold a crucifix suspended against the wall, as to protect and overshadow the family little ones within; at the foot of the crucifix, is a simple image of *Mary*, carrying her divine infant in her arms. And behold, this it is that sweetens their toils, this it is that sustains them in their fatigues, this it is that enriches the

VE MARIA

nfort and hope, ~~where~~
ld be cheerless and de—
of the Blessed Virgin
er, surrounded by her
and you will see her
ven in the midst of her
sweet remembrance of
much faith and confi—
not these simple souls

ach venerated by these
hung on the walls of
it will rarely be found
ears one of his own :



OF THE POOR COTTAGE.

It is the familiar prayer in the dwellings of the indigent; it is, after the *Pater* from the cradle to the tomb, all the theology and all the science of the laity. These two prayers, besides being so profoundly sublime, serve him in his cell as in the church, as a form of prayer for his spiritual and temporal wants; at the same time for his meditations, his resolutions and his act of thanksgiving.

Simple hearted people, always loving, cherish this good Mother and her Virgin, for she was poor, and like her passed her days on earth in a poor dwelling. Often salute her with that marvellous *Ave*, the first which was offered her, the most honorable for her, and most consoling for us, that which came from heaven, and was addressed to her not in a palace, but under the roof of a humble cottage.

Poor wandering ones, your tents below are pitched upon an unsteady soil: but not forever is your habitation.

THE AVE MARIA, &C

our temporary dwelling
on this desert world, ev
ingdom where your hol
and then, oh ! there, t
ore cold nights for you, t
ore storms to blast you
oppressions rendering yo
, no more griefs, no more
: will be security, repos

not *Mary* crown you in

THE AVE MARIA OF THE PILGR

THE route which leads to Rag is very long. Oh! if like the youth of the patriarch, I had the "*Juvendicum*," a virtuous friend to guide my steps and instruct me during my tedious hours!

The young Edmund was wise and pious, who spoke thus, as he was starting out at break of day upon a journey. But if the beautiful Angel of Truth did not accompany to cheer the lonely and fatigues of the journey, Edmund would converse the less with the angels in heaven. The pious man is never alone; his feet indeed tread the earth, but his heart is in heaven. We are Christians; we do not belong to earth. We are singing, and as we pass, we fix our

tion that happiness which we hope to realize when we will all be united in one family.

Edmund understood all that, and during his long journey, he often knocked at the door of his father, and conversed frequently with his mother, his sisters and brothers. Oh! how great is the happiness of a pious and fervent soul! How short are those days thus passed in heaven! How are labors lightened, when sanctified by a spirit of piety, and done in the presence of God! To a soul thus inflamed with divine love, *Jesus* and *Mary*, an *Imitation* and a pair of beads suffice; nothing more is needed to beguile the tediousness of a long

OF THE PILGRI.

journey, and convert its wear
those of delight and peace
thus sanctified his moments by
ings, sweet meditations, and th
of the Rosary. Oh! how pleas
salutation to a mother we love;
Ave Maria! thou art the most
friend to the pious traveller. How
ing is the road sown with the
flowers, *Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*
much more serene is the sky!
much less overpowering are the
How refreshing the breeze, as it
with those beautiful roses which fa
our lips!

And then the heart is fortified
hour of peril. Mary watches ov
children; the angels protect them;
and earth, the elements, the joyful
tants of the air, the flowers of th
repeat with them, *Ave Maria! Ave*
Thus does life pass away—we
vellers here below, on our
wards the great city. Happy

THE AVE MARIA, &c.

W to shorten the length of ~~the~~

When we arrive at last in
we will not meet there our vain
as, our errors, our complaints, our
s, or our vanities—we will find
nly our virtues.



THE AVE MARIA
OF THE MARINER.

MARY is the great patroness of mariners. Thrown so often between heaven and the abyss below, they need a star of hope, that will shine for them above the dangers of the tempest, and cheer their often desponding hearts.

There is not a maritime city that has not its chapel under the invocation of "Our Lady of safety," "Our Lady of the port," or "Our Lady of good succor." It is to these blessed sanctuaries, that those stout hearted men come more humbly than children, and prostrate themselves in fervent supplication, before they trust themselves to the perils of the deep.

"Embark, sailors and passengers. In a few hours we will set sail, and boldly steer

friendly winds. Patroness of the mar-
guard us, preserve us in the hour
danger, and then we will come back
salute you on our return."

During the long months of the voy-
the seaman will have to struggle
chance against the wrath of an invin-
element, but "Our Lady of safety" is
hope; he has prayed to her in the
of calm, he now invokes her in the
peril. Through her intercession, he
tains favorable winds, and avoids con-
ones. The holy Virgin is his com-

bosom of the deep! How it must harmonize with the undulations of the wave and the rocking of the ship! Oh! how moving a spectacle is a crew in prayer! The angry surge must yield under the invocation of the beautiful name of Mary.

And on his return, the mariner does not forget his act of thanksgiving to the holy Virgin, his patroness. Restored to the bosom of his family, he repairs with them, the mother, wife and children, to the sanctuary of "Our Lady of good succor," and all repeat with grateful hearts, *Ave Maria! Hail, Mary!*

O powerful Virgin, protectress of the poor seaman, O Mary, protect us also, we are making our voyage from earth to heaven, on a sea filled with dangers and perils, and almost always in the midst of tempests. "*Ave Maris Stella!*" O star of the sea, throw your cheering light upon the threatening cloud, cast your eyes upon the waves which open the awful abyss to our view; with your powerful hand, stay

the boisterous winds; Oh! protect us in our voyage, and grant that we may arrive last at the port of salvation, and sing eternally in heaven: *Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*



"AVE MARIS STELLA."

STAR of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
These votive garments, wet, to thee
We hang within thy holy shrine;
When o'er us flash'd the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tost,
We called no other name but thine,
And hop'd when other hope wast lost.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the vast and howling main,
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain waves, o'er ocean's plain,
Erect their stormy heads on high;
When parted friends for lov'd ones sigh,
They raise their weeping eyes to thee;
The star of ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the dark and stormy sea,
When wrecking tempests 'round us rave,

Thy gentle Virgin form we see
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave,
The howling storms that seem to crave
Their victims, link in music sweet ;
The surging sea recedes, to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the desert waters wild,
Who pitying hear'st the seaman's cry,
The God of mercy, as a child,
On that chaste bosom loves to lie ;
While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And angel voices name on high
The mother of the heavenly king.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! at that blest name,
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild, their fury tame,
That made the deep's foundations reel ;
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing o'er the raging deep,
The frighten'd crew a respite feel
From danger, and in Mary sleep.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the mild and placid seas,
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
O'er all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own,
When gathering clouds obscure their light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The star of ocean glitters bright.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep, when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay !
Mother of God ! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosom fires,
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs.

Ave Maris Stella !

This hymn was selected from Chateaubriand's
Beauties of Christianity."

THE LAST AVE MARIA.

HIS *Ave Maria* is more pure than the others, and is the crowning of all; that which comes after, is recited with the angels at the feet of

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for sinners, now, and at the *hour of our death*." Amen.

And that hour of death will come, a little sooner, or a little later, preceded by the Angel which prepare us; or

THE LAST AVE MARIA.

MARIA.

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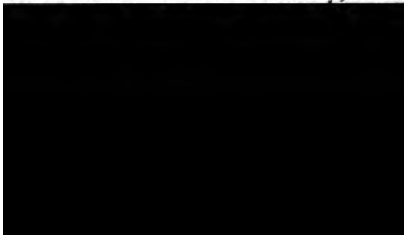
exhausted? Where the ray of light
is not obscured, the shrub that d
lose its leaves, the lyre that does
last, become mute? It is the s
us; life has its close, the flower
the bed of the stream dries up, th
the eye grows dim, the sap of
evaporates, and the lyre is silen
holy lyre no longer vibrates on ea
it mounts to heaven, and there
its tones with the harmonious sym
of the angels.

Oh! happy they who fall into t
sleep with the name of *Mary* c
lips!

Ave Maria! How consoling a
words to a dying person! What
do they not bring to the sick couch
the trembling soul is about to
Oh! what a soft light does not th
name of *Mary* shed upon the d
sage to the tomb! Oh! how
sweeten the bitter cup of those la
moments of our exile!

Without doubt, the pronouncing of the sweet name of *Mary* in those last moments, is a secure pledge of a happy end. To expire in singing with the angels, is to take flight with them to their blessed abode, to heaven itself.

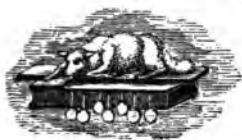
Ah! *Mary*, if I salute you so often upon earth, if I salute you in my last sleep of death, is it not in order to salute you at awakening? if I give you this last sigh of my heart, is it not to tell you, that my life in this exile is too short to praise and love you sufficiently, and that at eternity, in my true country above, will alone suffice? O blessed country, where



O Virgin Mother, is never without spot, and there will always be leaves wanting to the flowers, with which I decorate your altars; the world and my passions trouble my soul, a thousand earthly cares chill the fervor of my heart. O happy evening of my life! O happy close of my long years of exile! Happy adieu to the things which pass; moment so much desired, wilt thou never come?

O my soul, my poor soul, sigh, sigh still more. There are, perhaps, many long days before the last *Ave Maria*. Too happy, if then thou canst breathe with faith, hope and love, this last sigh of the servants of *Mary: Ave Maria.*

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devotedness
of the child.

Yet these two words! . . . *Ave*, I salute you, incomparable Mother of God, I bly salute you, with all the children, all the elect, and all the angels; *Maria*; *Mary*, this sweet name engages, consoles, and gives joy to the heart. We do not venerate less, because we venerate her as the Mother of God, and we love her as the Mother of mankind.

The mother of mankind. She is really the mother of our souls and

YET TWO WORDS TO MY MOTHER. 81

salvation, since she brought forth Him, who gave us life: "I have come that they may have life."—*John x, 10.*

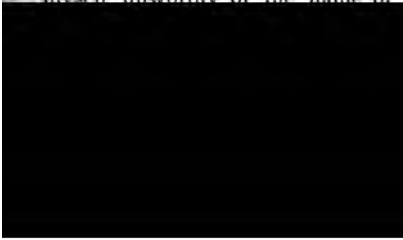
Yes, she was truly our mother, because it was her love for man, that made her accept all the sacrifices of Calvary, and drink of the chalice of her son. Jesus was the first-born of Mary, according to the flesh,—“She brought forth her first-born son”—and we are her children, according to the spirit.

And then it was the special will of Jesus. From his bed of death, he gave his mother to us. Poor mother! how must she have loved those words of her son, she who had already bought us by all the anguish of her life, and who cemented still more this spiritual maternity by the blood of her Jesus. Mary so loved the world, as to give her only begotten Son.

I salute you, O Mary, I salute you as my mother.

My Mother. Oh! how sweet those words to the heart! How they call to us the sweet obligation of love! O my mother, my mother! You teach us to call you thus.

And I, who have received so much from you; I, whom you have snatched from the frightful abyss; I, whom you have specially protected: O Mary, my mother, you know now all that my heart wishes to say. O yes, you are my mother a thousand times my mother. O then, O most merciful and compassionate mother, grant that I may never remember myself unworthy of the name of



**Sicut lilium inter spinas,
Sic Maria inter filias.
Mater amata, intemerata,
Ora, ora pro nobis.**



THE *Ave Maria* is our beloved prayer, yes, the cherished prayer of Christians; it is a plant which possesses the virtue of aiding and consolidating and of enkindling with love. By it, enemies are put to flight, storms are dissipated, the dejected soul resumes courage and the desolate heart is filled with hope. Sweet prayer to Mary, it fertilizes and perfumes all the paths where it is sown; it protects and blesses every spot in which it is placed.

Maria; a solitary tomb, over-shadowed only by a Cross, and at the foot of the Cross, that pretty flower of hope, *Ave Maria*! Ah! surely the pious Mother must have experienced only joys at the crib of her child; the cottage must have possessed the peace of heaven;—and the solitary tomb—ah! it recalled many *Souvenirs* of virtue; there did I inhale all the sweet perfumes of the immortal life of the elect.

I have seen a young soldier, who would not leave his mother and sisters, until he had offered to the Madona of his village, a beautiful crown of *Ave Maria*.—O Mary, you could not but protect him, and restore him one day to his mother.

I have seen a ship, bearing the name of *Ave Maria*, and having this salutation inscribed on her prow and sails. O sweet Virgin, O propitious star of the sea, without doubt the winds and the waves re-

But how numerous are such facts

Happy are the Souvenirs which
to us from a tender love for Mary. *Ave*
Maria, sublime salutation, and most s
able to a beloved Mother.—Oh with
charms canst thou not beguile th
hours of our exile! With what
meditations canst thou not inspire
What consoling thoughts canst tho
offer to our desponding hearts!

Ave Maria! Ave Maria! I
having inscribed it as a Sou
upon the walls of a sanc
was never to see again.

SOUVENIRS.

I remember having left it at the
Madona, in an oratory, where
my dear friend, whom I was leaving
used to come every day and spend
time in prayer.

Ave Maria! I once engraved it
on a lonely rock, where I had been wont to sit.
Perhaps, one day some wearied traveller
may wander from the main road, and
seek repose from his fatigues.—If
he fall on those sweet words, *they* will
refresh him more than the limpid stream, refresh
his languid members, and bring rest to his
worn heart.

Ave Maria! I have confided it to the
shores, ungrateful shores, from which
I was banished all remembrance of.
I then beg this tender Mother of
God to cast a look of compassion on the
unfortunate countries, sadly sleeping
and ignorant of the happiness of being
free, or ranked among her children.
A thousand times have I wished

heart.—Oh! I thank you, from
soul, and in thanksgiving, may
and the angels salute you a
times: *Ave Maria! Ave Maria*



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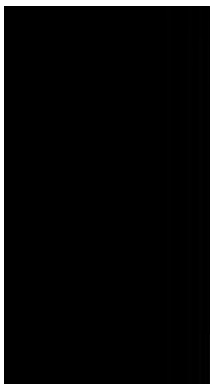
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